A COUNTDOWN TIE-IN
853
E. OCT 07
ACTION
COMICS
BUSIEK
WALKER
LIVESAY
YOU CAN'T DEFEAT THE KRYPTONITE MAN!
BUT MR. ACTION CAN!!!
WALKER
COUNTDOWN 39
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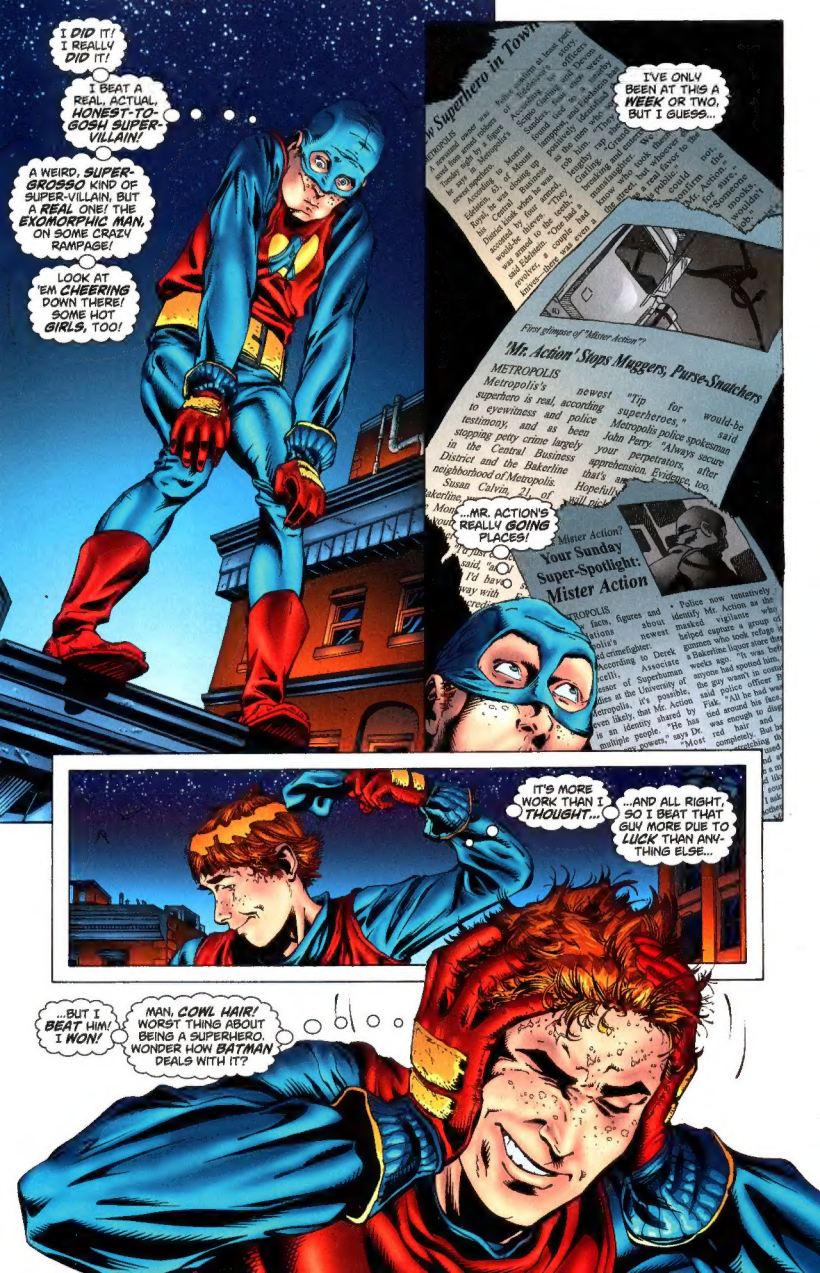
The Metropolis Zoo
...STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'RE DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
EVERY PRIMATE WE HAD. EVERY APE, MONKEY, LEMUR...ALL OF THEM!
WE FOUND THEM LIKE THAT IN THEIR CAGES AND ENCLOSURES, THIS MORNING. THE STAFF VETS SAID IT WAS LIKE THEY'D BEEN...BAKED!
KRYPTONITE RADIATION
VARIANT LEVELS
I WANT TO KNOW... WHAT SORT OF...WHO COULD DO SUCH AN AWFUL THING?
WHO?
RUU-UU!
REEE!
Stryker's Island Maximum Security Correctional Facility
RUU! RU!
WHAT ON EARTH...?

THE MONKEY! THE LAB MONKEY WE TESTED THE APPARATUS ON!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN DRAWN TO ME--SENSED THE SIMILARITY IN THE KRYPTONITE RADIATION WITHIN US BOTH!
REE!
IF ONLY I COULD LURE HIM CLOSER-- I COULD TAP THE POWER INSIDE HIM, ADD IT TO MY OWN AND OVERCOME THIS DAMPING DEVICE!
BUT HOW...?
REE! REEE!
BLEBLBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLPBLP
KRKHH
BLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANGLANG
RUU!
WELL, THAT'LL DO.
I'LL HAVE TO STUDY YOU, MONKEY... LEARN WHY THE KRYPTONITE BARRAGE GAVE THE TWO OF US SUCH DIFFERENT ABILITIES.
BUT FOR NOW, TIME IS SHORT. COME HERE.

SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
in
3-2-1 ACTION!
PART 2
THE SIGNAL
KURT BUSIEK WRITER & BRAD WALKER PENCILLER
LIVESAY INKER PETE PANTAZIS
AND LEE LOUGHRIDGE COLORS JARED K. FLETCHER LETTERS
NACHIE CASTRO ASSOCIATE EDITOR MATT IDELSON EDITOR
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
LOOK! LOOK! IT'S HIM!
MR. ACTION! DOWN HERE! LOOK DOWN HERE!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER EXO-WHOZIS...MOVE IT ALONG. YOU'RE DONE HERE.
EEEEEEE! WE REALLY SAW HIM!
THIS STORY TAKES PLACE
COUNTDOWN
#39!
IF YOU MISSED IT, WE'LL FILL YOU IN...


I DID IT! I REALLY DID IT!
I BEAT A REAL, ACTUAL, HONEST-TO-GOSH SUPER-VILLAIN!
A WEIRD, SUPER-GROSSO KIND OF SUPER-VILLAIN, BUT A REAL ONE! THE EXOMORPHIC MAN, ON SOME CRAZY RAMPAGE!
LOOK AT 'EM CHEERING DOWN THERE! SOME HOT GIRLS, TOO!
...Superhero in Town
I'VE ONLY BEEN AT THIS A WEEK OR TWO, BUT I GUESS...
'Mr. Action' Stops Muggers, Purse-Snatchers
METROPOLIS
First glimpse of "Mister Action"?
Your Sunday Super-Spotlight: Mister Action
...MR. ACTION'S REALLY GOING PLACES!
IT'S MORE WORK THAN I THOUGHT...
...AND ALL RIGHT, SO I BEAT THAT GUY MORE DUE TO LUCK THAN ANYTHING ELSE...
...BUT I BEAT HIM! I WON!
MAN, COWL HAIR! WORST THING ABOUT BEING A SUPERHERO. WONDER HOW BATMAN DEALS WITH IT?

I JUST WISH... NOPE, NO STRETCHY-ARM...I WISH I KNEW WHY MY POWERS KEPT *DESERTING* ME.
THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEED 'EM. WEIRD, *UNPREDICTABLE*, BUT THERE. BUT *OTHER* TIMES, IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER EXISTED AT ALL.
AND THAT'S NOT THE *ONLY* WEIRD THING ABOUT BEING MR. ACTION.
I *KNOW* THINGS. I KNOW WHO *ROBIN* REALLY IS...WHO *ALL* THE ROBINS WERE.
I KNOW *WONDER WOMAN* IS REALLY DIANA PRINCE OF THE *DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS*.
I KNOW THE LOCATIONS OF AT LEAST SEVEN OF LEX LUTHOR'S *HIDDEN LAIRS* UNDER THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS.
Bessolo Blvd
Garden Ave
Clinton
Severin
Treadwell
Dillingham
Olmstead
Burnley
Endicott
Calaveras
Collyer
Market
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I KNOW *ANY* OF THAT, OR SO MANY OTHER THINGS. LIKE *WHY*, WHENEVER I THINK ABOUT SUPERMAN...
...I GET THIS IMAGE OF *LOIS* AND *CLARK*. I MEAN, THEY'RE HIS FRIENDS *TOO*, BUT...
AND FOR THAT MATTER, WHERE THE HECK DO SUPERHEROES KEEP THEIR *CLOTHES* WHEN THEY GO INTO ACTION?!
WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY FINISH THE FIGHT *SOMEWHERE ELSE*?
HOW DO THEY *CLEAN* THEIR OUTFITS?
DAILY PLAN
VEGA HONORS SUPER
Tiny Island Principality Weathered Tropical Storm Thanks to Super-Aid

Bakerline
AND WHAT ABOUT SUBWAYS? DO ALL SUPER-GUYS FLY OR HAVE COOL CARS? DO SOME JUST SCHLEP AROUND LIKE ORDINARY...
HEY! HEY, GINA!
JIMMY! WHAT'S NEW?
OH, THE USUAL GLAMOROUS LIFE OF A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER--ALL FRONT PAGE PHOTOS AND PULITZER PRIZES. BIG SNORE.
BUT LOOK--CHAUHAUS IS PLAYING AT THE RIVOLI THIS SATURDAY, AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU--
UH, JIMMY?
NO OFFENSE, BUT...WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE CHINESE FOOD?
D'OH! THOSE GARBAGE CANS!
UM, ABOUT THAT...
OH, LOOK! A PUPPY! GORDON, YOU GOT A PUPPY!
"HEY, GINA, DIDJA KNOW I'M REALLY MR. ACTION?" "HEY, GINA, I JUST BEAT THE EXOMORPHIC MAN!" NO, REALLY!"
HNH. SOMETHING TELLS ME SHE'D STILL BE MORE IMPRESSED BY THE DOG.
WHAT'S HIS NAME? ISN'T HE CUTE? AW, HE LOVES ME, THE LITTLE POOCHIE-WOOCHIE...
AHH, I'M BEAT. I CAN GRUMBLE MORE ABOUT THE IRONIES OF LIFE...

"...TOMORROW."
...OF JUSTICE, JUST MINUTES AGO, AS THE LEAGUE RETURNED FROM AN ARDUOUS ALL-NIGHT SPACE MISSION...
YAAAAWN
WHAT'S UP, PERRY?
ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU AND OLSEN, KENT. DOWN AT CITY HALL.
MYERS'LL GO ON THE RECORD ABOUT HIS HASARAGUAN GARDENER. SET IT UP WITH HIS ASSISTANT, AND...
FOR AN UPDATE ON THE KRYPTONITE MAN'S DARING ESCAPE, WE GO TO STRYKER'S ISLAND--
--WHERE AUTHORITIES ARE STILL BAFFLED.
THE WALLS WERE BREACHED FROM OUTSIDE, USING MASSIVE TORQUE, BUT SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS WERE CORRUPTED, AS IF BY RADIOACTIVE--
HUH? I HADN'T HEARD--!
JIMMY, I FORGOT--I'VE GOT AN URGENT INTERVIEW. LET'S DO THE CITY HALL THING THIS AFTERNOON, OKAY?
UH, SURE--
LATE THIS AFTERNOON!
HUH.
WELL, THAT WAS CONVENIENT...

The Avenue of Tomorrow
IT LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER METROPOLIS STREET, AT FIRST, UNTIL TOURISTS NOTICE THE SIGNS, AND REALIZE WHERE THEY ARE.
IT'S THE CITY'S RED MECCA, HOME TO THE NATION'S BRIGHTEST MINDS, ITS MOST ADVANCED LABS, MOST CUTTING-EDGE FIRMS...
BEEEP
HONKKK
BEEEP
HONKKK
BUT IF THOSE TOURISTS COULD SEE BEHIND THOSE SIGNS TODAY--SPECIFICALLY, INTO THE RYDERTECH FACILITIES...
GHHHH... P-PLEASE...
NO NEED TO BEG, YOU STUTTERING MORON. I DON'T INTEND TO HARM YOU.
I'VE IRRADIATED YOU, BUT I CAN REABSORB IT LATER, WHEN I'VE FINISHED. YOU'LL FEEL ILL FOR A WHILE, BUT I ONLY NEED TO KEEP YOU SECURE...
...WHILE I AVAIL MYSELF OF YOUR EQUIPMENT.
NO...NO MORE...
RU!
PFFF HE'S THE LAST OF THEM, I THINK.
STASH THEM SOMEWHERE, MONKEY...

...AND WE'LL GET TO WORK.
RUH?
EH? YOU'RE CURIOUS?
I DOUBT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND...
...THOUGH AT THAT, YOU'D BE LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM MANY OF MY ACTUAL HUMAN COLLEAGUES.
STILL, IT IS FAIRLY INTERESTING.
IN THE 1930S, SCIENTISTS POSTULATED THE EXISTENCE OF THE RHODOMAGNETIC SPECTRUM, FULLY INDEPENDENT OF THE ELECTROMAGNETIC.
BUT THE BENIGHTED FOOLS GAVE IT UP AS A MYTH.
IT WAS THADDEUS SIVANA WHO WAS VISIONARY ENOUGH TO PROVE THEM WRONG. MORE THAN THAT, HE USED IT...
...CREATING THE INTERNET, A PRIVATE, UNDETECTABLE WORLDWIDE DATA NETWORK, EXCLUSIVE TO THE SUPERHUMAN CRIMINAL COMMUNITY.
R!!HH...
QUITE CLEVER, ACTUALLY. SIVANA MAY BE A FIRST-RATE MIND.
IN ANY CASE, I WAS SLIPPED THE INFORMATION IN PRISON, AND NOW...
HUH. MAYBE THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL.
I JUST FIGURED... THE KRYPTONITE MAN USED TO WORK ON THE AVENUE OF TOMORROW, SO MAYBE HE'D COME BACK. FOR REVENGE OR SOMETHING.
BUT I GUESS...

H-HEY...
HM?
NEED... NEED HELP. MY LAB...MY COLLEAGUES...
WHAT? WHAT'S GOING ON, GUY?
K-KRYPTONITE MAN...HE'S AT... RYDERTECH...HAS AT LEAST SEVEN HOSTAGES, MAYBE MORE.
OTHERS... WON'T KNOW... LABS...SOUND-PROOF...
I'LL CHECK IT OUT--SEE WHAT I CAN DO! SEND THE COPS IN AFTER ME, THOUGH--IT COULD GET HAIRY!
N-NO, WAIT...NOT ALL...

The Infernal
http://rmw.backalley.
PRESENT:
dreyber.avtr
calculor.avtr
tobiaswhaleesq.avtr
comic-skull.avtr
THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO MEET WITH ME, GENTLEMEN.
AND LADY, OF COURSE.

I'LL BE BRIEF. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO RULE THE WORLD, COMMAND A MOB OR ANY OTHER SUCH PURSUIT.
ALL I WANT IS THE WEALTH AND POWER DUE ONE OF MY INTELLECT.
AS SUCH, I NEED A SECURE LABORATORY, SOMEWHERE PRIVATE, AND FUNDING THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO PURSUE WHAT RESEARCHES I CHOOSE.
IN RETURN, I OFFER WHOEVER FUNDS ME THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY AT ANYTHING I CREATE.
ONLY FIRST OPPORTUNITY? WHY NOT FULL OWNERSHIP?
I'M NOT A FLUNKY, SKULL. THIS WOULD BE A PARTNERSHIP, NOTHING LESS. FURTHERMORE, IF MULTIPLE PARTNERS WISH TO SPONSOR MY WORK...
...THAT WOULD BE FINE, TOO.
I CAN SEE POSSIBILITIES IN WHAT YOU PROPOSE, KRYPTONITE MAN.
YES. I MAY KNOW SEVERAL MAJOR CRIME FIGURES WHO'D BE INTERESTED IN SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT, AS WELL. PERHAPS WE SHOULD--
KRAKK
UHH!
MAN, MAGNETIC LOCKS--I COULDVE BROKEN MY SHOULDER! NOT LIKE A LITTLE SUPER-STRENGTH WOULDN'T HAVE COME IN HANDY RIGHT THERE, BUT OH NO...
HM?
EH?!

AH, A SUPER-HERO.
MY COLLEAGUES AND I WILL CONSIDER YOUR PROPOSAL, DR. ABERNATHY, AND GET BACK TO YOU, SHOULD YOU REMAIN FREE.
CONSIDER IT; PERHAPS, A TEST OF YOUR INGENUITY...
YOU--YOU--THAT MEETING COULD HAVE MEANT MILLIONS TO ME, CLOTHEAD! BILLIONS, MAYBE!
MONKEY?! WHAT KINDA CRAZY--?
MONKEY... KILL HIM!
RIAAAH
POOM
HA! JUST CALL ME "ATLAS" OLSEN!
ER, SMITH! ATLAS SMITH!
OH, SO NOW I GET THE SUPER-STRENGTH...
I'LL CALL YOU DEAD, YOU MEDDLING--
FTAM
YIPE!
HA! TURTLE POWER!
AND MAYBE SUPERMAN'D BE IN TROUBLE, PAL, BUT K-RADIATION DOESN'T AFFECT HUMANS ANYWHERE NEAR AS BAD, SO...

IDIOT!
I'M NOT SOME INERT ROCK! I COULD HIT YOU WITH SUCH INTENSE RADIATION, YOU'D COOK IN THAT LUDICROUS SHELL!
BUT WHY SHOULD I--WHEN MY K-POWER MAKES ME STRONG ENOUGH--
--TO BEAT YOU TO A RAGGED, SOGGY, PULP!
AAH!
KSSH
WHAT? STILL ALIVE?
FAUGH. NO MATTER. I'LL JUST PUT A LITTLE MORE MUSCLE INTO IT!
KRKMM
AND NOW...
THE FLOOR. HE POUNDED ME CLEAR THROUGH THE FLOOR!
I'D BE DEAD, IF I HADN'T SUDDENLY GONE INVULNERABLE! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT BACK, WITH...
HUH? FLAME-BREATH?
JEEZ, THANKS FOR NOTHING, POWERS! IT'S JUST TICKING HIM OFF!
WHY, YOU--
FRAMM
MAYBE I'M GOING DOWN, BUT THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE...

"...THAT WEEDY-LOOKING GUY MUST HAVE REACHED THEM LONG AGO..."
THIS MAN'S SUFFERING FROM RADIATION POISONING!
SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE! NOW!
WELL. NOT SO MUCH OF A CHALLENGE AFTER ALL, MISTER SUPER-WHATEVER. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOU.
NO, I DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM EITHER. I THOUGHT SUPERHEROES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE WEALTHY, JET-SETTING YOUNG GADABOUTS.
RAH?
NNH... GEIGER-COUNTER POWERS...
NO GOOD
ON THE OTHER HAND, I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE TOM CRUISE IF HE BIT ME--IT'S NOT AS IF I PAY ATTENTION TO CELEBRITY.
STILL, THIS MORON'S BOUND TO BE WORTH SOMETHING, TO SOMEBODY.
AND IF NOBODY WILL RANSOM HIM, HE'S STILL USEFUL, IF ONLY AS A LAB EXPERIMENT. NO NEED TO BE WASTEFUL.
H-HEY...
WHAT IS WITH THIS GUY? ONE MINUTE, HE'S ALL, "AW KEE YI!" AND THE NEXT, HE'S TUCKING ME AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY.
WAIT HERE, YOU.
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, OF COURSE.
BUT NOBODY'S GOING TO PAY RANSOM FOR "MISTER ACTION," AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE COPS. I'M PRETTY WELL DEAD, UNLESS...

OH, CRAP.
MY SIGNAL-WATCH--IT MUST'VE BROKEN WHEN I WENT THROUGH THE FLOOR.
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THIS ALONE. NO CALLING SUPERMAN.
OKAY, BUT OTHER SUPER-HEROES CAN'T DO THAT WHEN THEY'VE BEEN CAPTURED. SO WHAT DO THEY DO, ASIDE FROM TALK TO THEMSELVES?
ESCAPE? I COULD "ELASTIC" MY WAY OUT OF THESE BONDS, BUT...
≥NNH≤
NOPE. STUPID POWERS.
HEY, WAIT.
MAYBE I CAN CALL SUPERMAN! THE WATCH MAY BE BROKEN, BUT I BUILT THE SIGNAL-DEVICE IN IT ONCE--I SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO IT AGAIN.
ESPECIALLY SINCE THAT BIG GREEN BLOWHARD LOCKED ME IN A CLOSET FULL OF ELECTRONICS EQUIPMENT.
CAN'T REACH WHAT'S ON THE SHELVES, BUT MAYBE USING THAT BROOM AS A LEVER...
KLAT-KAT-KAT-KAKA
YES!
OKAY, WE'RE IN BUSINESS HERE...!

Metro County Hospital
IT'S A LIGHT CASE OF RADIATION POISONING. ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM WOOZY, AND PASS OUT DUE TO EXERTION.
BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY BURNS, AND THE EXPOSURE'S SO EVEN...
EXCUSE ME. I HEARD YOU SAY "KRYPTONITE RADIATION."
I NEED TO KNOW WHERE THIS MAN'S BEEN TODAY, AND I NEED TO KNOW QUICKLY. LIVES COULD DEPEND ON IT.
EVEN STRANGER, SCANS INDICATE IT'S KRYPTONITE RADIATION, OF ALL THINGS. WE CAN TREAT IT, BUT...
TAP TAP
HM?
UH.
WE WEREN'T ABLE TO TAKE A HISTORY, SUPERMAN, BUT HE WAS FOUND ON THE AVENUE OF TOMORROW. AND HIS I.D. SAYS HE WORKS FOR RYDERTECH.
THANKS. TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM.
I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN MANAGE.
UH, SURE...

BLAST IT. I NEED THE COMPONENTS TO RECONNECT TO THE UNTERNET BEFORE WE LEAVE. BUT I SEEM TO HAVE DESTROYED THE RIG I BUILT.
I NEED TO WORK ON CONTROLLING MY TEMPER.
I AGREE WITH THE MONKEY.
WHAT? WHO--?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST SURRENDER, BEFORE THIS GETS ANY WORSE?
YOU?!
YOU'RE A FOOL, SUPERMAN! YOU TOOK ME BY SURPRISE BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME--
SKRM
--I'LL BURN YOU RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.
BUT I DO THINK AHEAD, FROM TIME TO TIME. I STOPPED BY S.T.A.R. LABS AND BORROWED A RADIATION-PROOF SPRAY POLYMER THEY'RE WORKING ON.
IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING FINE.
BAH! THEN I'LL BEAT YOU SENSELESS, LIKE THE LAST ONE!
LAST ONE?
I CAN HEAR THE PULSES OF THE MEN YOU CAPTURED, DOCTOR. THEY NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION, SO I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK.
QUICK?
ALL YOU'LL DO QUICKLY IS DIE, YOU RIDICULOUS, PUFFED-UP, MUSCLE-HEADED--
BOSH
KSH
KLYM
BRAMM
RAHH!
REE!

I DON'T THINK SO.
UTT--
BAM
BAM

CALM DOWN, DR. ABERNATHY. IT WON'T HELP TO CAUSE EVEN MORE DAMAGE.
THE TECHNOLOGY SQUAD IS STANDING BY. THEY'LL DAMP YOUR POWERS, RETURN YOU TO STRYKER'S.
IF YOU WANT TO CATCH A BREAK WITH THE JUDGE, I'D OFFER TO ABSORB THE RADIATION OUT OF YOUR HOSTAGES. IT CAN BE DONE CONVENTIONALLY BUT...
TELL ME SOMETHING, SUPERMAN.
THAT ANTI-RAD POLYMER. THAT WOULDN'T BE THE WORK OF PHINEAS POTTER, WOULD IT?
AH, YES, IT IS. WHY?
BECAUSE POTTER'S SLOPPY, ADDLE-BRAINED, HAS BEEN SINCE WE WERE IN GRAD SCHOOL TOGETHER. I'M GUESSING HE BUILT THIS NEW PLASTIC--
HEY--
--WITHOUT ONCE CONSIDERING ITS MELTING POINT--
UHH.
OOG...
DON'T KNOW WHAT K-MAN'S DOING, THUMPING AROUND OUT THERE LIKE THAT. BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, IT GAVE ME THE TIME TO FINISH.
HOPE IT WORKS... THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN MANAGE WITH YOUR HANDS TIED BEHIND YOUR BACK.
BUT, WELL...
BAM
WHAM
KRAK

ZRRE RREZZERREE
...HERE GOES NOTHING!
ZRRE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZR
HMPH.
"IF YOU WANT TO CATCH A BREAK WITH THE JUDGE, I'D..." NA NA NA NA NAH! HOW ABOUT I BREAK YOUR SKULL INSTEAD, YOU SPITCURLED OAF?
ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZREE RREE ZR
WHERE IS HE?
C'MON, THE NEWS SAID HE WAS BACK FROM SPACE! HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HEAR IT! C'MON, PAL, NEED YOUR HELP HERE...
ZEEE RREE SHRREE RREE SHRREE RREE SHRREE
MAYBE I'VE GOT THE FREQUENCY WRONG. IF I CRANK UP THE GAIN...
C'MON, SUPERMAN! HEAR THE SIGNAL! C'MON! HEAR THE--

KSSH
HEH, ALL RIGHT! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, P--
H-HUH?!
KRYPTO?!
NEXT:
A BOY AND HIS DOG!
PLUS!
MORE FUN IN COUNTDOWN TOO!

Okay, it's a Friday and **Dan DiDio** is running late with the text for the DC Nation page again. So rather than wait this one out, I'll just write it myself.

My name is **Fred Haynes**, Pre-Press Artist. One of my responsibilities is to make sure this page comes out on time every week, which is no small task. There are roughly 50 books a month that the DC Nation/Hype pages go into monthly. That entails hunting down the editors for next issue captions and covers, running pages through for approval by **Camille Truchel** in the legal department, getting them proofread by **Arlene Lo**, and then finally having Dan or **Jann Jones** sign off on it. I think I may have to skip that stage today. This may pose a problem later, but hey… this baby is late! Hold on… I thought I heard Dan…

Anyway, we're the people who troubleshoot all the artwork and text before it gets into your hands. Sometimes an editor will need to make a change to a page (more often than not) right before a book is ready to go to press. Hopefully the editors won't read this; I mean, really, they've got more important things to do than read a column by me. Should I be telling you this stuff about them? Maybe not, but then again, who's going to stop me… Wait… I think I see… No, that's Julio.

It's great getting all of the pieces of the puzzle together in order to form the big picture; it makes all the craziness seem worthwhile. But then we run late again and that feeling quickly disappears. Oh—, here comes Dan. **Chris Burns**, our Production Guru, was supposed to warn me! Screw it! He's late so I'm using this! Remember, time waits for no one! Superman can easily beat Batman! We are the department that makes the magic happen! Roll the credits before he gets here and sees...

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DC NATION

For a complete list of this week's titles, sneak peeks, breaking news and more, visit us at dccomics.com

THE HOT LIST THIS WEEK

ATOM #14

COUNTDOWN #39

METAL MEN #1

Next in...

ACTION COMICS #854

Okay, hold your breath for two weeks, then read COUNTDOWN #37 and our next issue! All in that order!

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